

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

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for mailing and press rooms.

FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1907.
It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.—Dr. Johnson.
LABOR AND THE RAILROADS.
In another column we publish a sensible letter from a Richmond correspondent on the railroad situation. It is the more interesting because it comes from the pen of a prominent representative of organized labor. The question is one that is of vital concern to the laboring man. The railroads of the United States have 1,382,196 employees. In addition they are large patrons, and in some cases exclusive patrons, of various industries which also give employment to skilled labor. Cut down the patronage of the railroads and many workmen employed in these industries will lose their job. Moreover, all commerce and industry are dependent on the railroads, and when transportation is impaired, all must feel it.
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But there is a higher question involved. As a people we can no more afford to do injustice to a railroad corporation than to an individual. In fact, every unjust act done to a railroad corporation is an injustice to individuals; for the railroads are owned by individuals. In this land of liberty we can never afford to enact and enforce an unjust law. On our own account we cannot afford it, for an act of injustice always recoils on him who commits it. One unjust law on our statute books is like the fly in the ointment. Every unjust law creates disrespect for law and debases and weakens the system.
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triguing against Mr. Taft, hoping to be a candidate for the presidential nomination on whom the reactionaries may finally concentrate, is a remarkable statement, yet none the less preposterous. There is no presidential timber in Mr. Cortleyou's make-up. It may be that his brain has been dazzled by the manner and method of his promotion in the government service until his ambition has reached that point where nothing short of the highest office in the gift of the people will satisfy his inordinate desires. He did show fine qualities of a Republican statesmanship in the last campaign, when he succeeded in collecting very large sums of money from trusts and corporations to help elect his chief, and he doubtless believes that the party owes him the nomination, in view of his labors on that occasion.
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It is reported that the marrying parson, the Rev. John L. Clark, who officiated at the Corey wedding, has taken time by the forelock and resigned his pastorate of the Brunswick Avenue Congregational Church, of Brooklyn, in order to prevent his removal by the trustees. If so, he has done well and wisely. In speaking of this marriage, which has disgusted the nation, Mr. Clark said:
"No one who saw them could doubt that this was a love match. In a case like that I would not hesitate to marry a divorced person; but I would be sure that the divorce was all right."
"I had proof that was sufficient to satisfy me that the Corey divorce was all right. I have a good opinion of a man who, when he sees that things are unhappy at home, is gallant enough to allow his wife to get a divorce without contesting it. He may have things said about him by people, and some may not think well of him; but I am sure that he will stand well in the eyes of the Almighty."
"If a man knows that there is unhappiness in his home," he continued, "I think it is the gallant thing for him to do to sit still and let his wife say what she wants to do about him."
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Max Himsen, the campaign manager, sends word from Albany that the Hearst presidential campaign will be formally launched in September. After his defeat in the race for Governor, Mr. Hearst gave out a statement in which he declared that he would never again seek public office; that he would toil and labor in the ranks, and still fight for the principles of Jeffersonian Democracy. The uninitiated had believed that he would be as good as his word, although the wise dog of politics knows the true value to be placed upon such statements. The announcement from Manager Himsen, if true, indicates that the New York editor will soon begin to lay plans to capture State delegations, and that, being the case, we may expect his missionaries in the South before the snow flies. They came into this territory a few years ago without meeting with any great success, but the anti-Hearstites must admit that he has a more powerful hold upon a certain element than he had in 1904.
What Mr. Hearst's plan of campaign is remains to be disclosed. He has cut loose from the Democratic party; but so did he before the New York Democratic convention was held in the last campaign. He first accepted the nomination of the Independence League, then brought his forces to bear on the Buffalo convention, and captured the Democratic nomination. Is it possible that he proposes to try such a game of politics on the national Democratic convention?

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Poems You Ought to Know

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

No. 1173.
Song.

BY WILLIAM BLAKE.

Memory, hither come
And tune your merry notes;
And while upon the wind
Your music floats,
I'll pore upon the stream
Where drifting lovers dream,
And ask for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass.
I'll drink of the clear stream,
And hear the linnets' song,
And there I'll lie and dream
The day away.
To places fit for we,
Walking along the darkened valley,
With silent melancholy.

Other selections from this author, his portrait, autograph and biographical sketch, have already been printed in this series.

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Oct. 11, 1903. One is published each day.

told that story about his colleagues of North and South Carolina?
As a substitute for the old one—what becomes of all the pins?—we should like to hand this one up to the puzzle editor: Where does all the rain come from?

Now Tillman has declared for a Southern man on the Democratic ticket in 1908, but the original advocates of that idea were prepared for knocks and will not quit.

Colonel Waterson has announced that he has in mind an "improbable" dark horse" for the presidential nomination of 1908, and Mr. Thomas Watson is doing his best not to look conscious.

Mr. Abraham Ruef says that he is afraid he won't get a square deal. His fear, dry as a bone, is that the deal will be altogether too square.

"Now from the treecrooks," writes Leigh Mitchell Hodges in the Washington Herald. "We are wooed by flawless song." Who's your friend, Leigh?

South America is a lumberyard of clips, most of which are continually doing duty on the shoulders of some little President or other.

Houston, Texas, had a dry Sunday this week, but not sufficient so, we fear, to dry up the language of a certain paragrapher in that burg.

Even ticket-scalping is not good form at the effete Jamestown of modern times.

Taft is making it reasonably evident what kind of citizen he considers Mr. Foraker.

Ruef now says that he is guilty, which makes it unanimous.

Then some of our poets, Mr. Bryce, are in the poor-house.

Our merchant marine continues one of the very best things we haven't got.

Give a dog a bad name, and he might as well move to Pittsburg.

Modern politics is the State of Ohio.

THE RAILROAD CRAZE.

View of the Agitation by a Prominent Labor Union Man.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir, I have been very much interested in your editorials in regard to the treatment which railroads should receive at the hands of law-making powers and the obligations railroads are under to the commercial and traveling public, and must say that the position taken by The Times-Dispatch is the most reasonable which has come to my notice. The tenor of your articles has been to show the people that there was a mutuality between the railroads and the people, and that both had rights which should be respected, and it seems to me that this is the only logical conclusion which can be drawn.
But it seems to me from the action of State Legislatures, the clamor among the people, the agitation carried on in labor organizations (prompted mostly by the socialist element, which opposes all vested rights in property), that the whole country has gone mad with the desire to impose upon railroads conditions which would virtually put them out of business. There seems to be a general disposition to ignore the fact that the railroads have rights which are just as sacred to them as the rights of any other enterprise in which capital is invested. The public seems to be drilling up to the conclusion that railroads should be run on a mutual admiration plan—just to accommodate the public—regardless of whether the operation of the roads pays the gentlemen who have invested large sums of money in their construction and equipment, a dividend or not.
I confess that I am at a loss to understand upon what hypothesis this wild crusade against the roads can be justified. Men do not invest their money in the construction and equipment of railroads from disinterested motives; nor do they have occasion to invest their capital in either enterprises. They invest their capital in railroads for the purpose of making money. This is perfectly legitimate, and they deserve to make money. In proportion to the great amount of capital they necessarily must invest, what would this country be today but for the fact that men of large means invested their money in railroads, through the operation of which the country has developed? After having developed the country through the investment of their capital, should they turn their backs on the public and be run simply for the accommodation of the public? Do men engaged in other enterprises shut out?

I am at a loss to see where governmental interference in charges for freight or passenger traffic can possibly be justified. It seems to me that a company of gentlemen who have just as much right to build a railroad and make their own tariff charges, and give the public the option of using their road or not, as a company has to build houses, fix the rent charge, and give the public the option of renting them or not. So one who has sympathy with a criminal who turns State's evidence and poaches on his pals. But that should not deter Abe from doing his duty, nor will it lessen the value of his service.
A Connecticut fisherman solemnly affirms that he saw "a red-headed devil-fish that stood on its tail and hissed at him." By the way, wasn't it the Governor of Connecticut who

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Rhymes for To-Day.

THE RAIN.
THEY say the rain that falls so free
The gentle earth upon,
Is really water from the sea
That's sucked up by the sun;
And there behind the sky's blue wall,
It's made to turn to rain,
And right away it has to fall
Back in the sea again.

They make the water move about
So much "twixt sky and sea,
I think it must get tired out
I would if it were me!
While we in quiet time or sup
Or slumber, rest our heads,
It's always moving down or up
Between the sea and sky.

It never gets a chance to rest,
It never sleeps at all—
Its life is just to do its best
At steady rise and fall.
Its lot seems pretty hard to me,
And I think this is plain:
Whatever else I had to be,
I wouldn't be the Rain. H. S. H.

MERELY JOING.
She Wouldn't Concede It.
"But," said the lawyer, "your case seems hopeless. I don't see what I can do for you. You admit that you have no wife."
"Yes," replied the defendant, "but my wife's testimony will discount that. She'd never leave me if I had no wife."
—Catholic Standard and Times.

LEARNING.
"Do you play bridge whist?"
"No," answered young Mrs. Perkins. "I can manage the cards all right, but it will take me another year or two to understand how to score is kept."—Washington Star.

NOT GOING AT ALL.
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WHAT HE MISSED.
Mrs. Goodbody: "Gracious! Just listen to that clergyman! I'm positive he's swearing. Evidently he's missed his vocation."
Mr. Goodbody: "No! I think it was his train."—Philadelphia Press.

DIPLOMATIC PAPA.
"Papa, what year was mamma born in?"
"1850, Willie. Her birthday's in February."
"That would make her forty-seven years old, wouldn't it?"
"Ah! Not necessarily."—Denver Post.

THE BIRD DOG.
"Say, didn't you tell me when you sold me that dog that he was a bird dog?"
"Yes, that's what I said."
"Well, you swindled me. That dog won't hunt."
"I didn't say he would hunt. He's a bird dog. Cook the birds for him. That's the way he likes them best."—Herald.

People Seen in Public Places
Mr. Floyd W. King, a prominent Democrat of Clifton Forge, was in the city yesterday, and announced that he was a candidate for the Senate from the Seventh District, composed of the counties of Allegheny, Bath, Botetourt and Craig, and the city of Clifton Forge. Mr. King states that so far he has no opposition for the Democratic nomination, and that he does not expect any. He is a bachelor, of Clifton Forge, the only other gentleman whose name has been prominently mentioned for the place, has declined to become a candidate.

The district was formerly represented by Mr. H. L. Garrett, a Republican, who died during the last session. It is not known at this time who the Republican candidate will be, but Mr. Garrett's majority at the last election was very small, and Mr. King states that he is sure it will go Democratic.

Mr. King is a prominent lawyer and is superintendent of schools for Clifton Forge and Allegheny county.

Mr. Harry W. Bates has returned to the city from the mountains of New Hampshire, where he went to take his little daughter, who will spend the summer with relatives here. Mr. Bates is stopping at the Richmond.

All the hostlers of the city are fairly crowded with delegates to the Southern States Convention, but the stream of ministers and laymen who poured into Ford's to shake the hand of Rev. Dr. J. B. Hawthorne yesterday is a representative of The Times-Dispatch: "He is the most beloved Baptist in all this country to-day."

Dr. Hawthorne received all his callers cordially, and had a pleasant word for each.

Mr. W. P. Hamilton, proprietor of the Hotel Hamilton, Bristol, Va., is registered at the Hotel Allen.

Mr. E. J. Best, of Asheville, N. C., private secretary of Circuit Judge J. C. Pritchard, who has been here during the term of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, will leave to-day for Washington to look after some legal business.

Mr. Best is a strong young lawyer, and has recently won a most prominent case in the courts of his State.

Hon. P. B. F. Good, one of the members of the House from Rockingham, is in the city on his way home from the Jamestown Exposition.

Mr. Good is a candidate for re-election, and so far as he knows the old ticket, composed of himself, Delegate H. M. Rogers and Senator George B. Slaughter, will have no opposition within the Democratic party.

It is said that the Democrats are in better shape in Rockingham than for a long time, and that their ticket will almost certainly be elected.

Jack Grim, owner and manager of the Lynchburg baseball team, is here on a business trip, and is quartered at the Hotel Allen.

Mr. Grim received a telegram yesterday announcing the death of his father, and he is going to his over-sickness he will not be able to attend the funeral. He placed himself under the care of a physician immediately upon his arrival here.

Hon. L. P. Starnes, former member of the House from Newport News, was in the city last night on his way home from Washington. Mr. Starnes went to the capital city to witness the graduation of one of his daughters in music.

Some of the Virginians at Murphy's are: Mr. Hunt, Cape Charles; Ed. Ward Little, Hampton; A. C. Coates, Orange; W. O. Snyder, Staunton; Mrs. T. E. Baird, Norfolk.

Virginians at the Richmond are W. E. Harris and wife, Sabot Hill; Richard H. Burroughs, Norfolk; J. L. Putney, Farmville; Mrs. J. C. Hazen, Bon Air.

The railroads and the people have mutual interests that must be protected, if both are to enjoy the greatest measure of prosperity. People are self-evident, and have frequently demonstrated proposition which we submit to the consideration of a sane and conservative public.

"That these interests will suffer, and that this condition of property will not be brought about, with the railroads and the people in open hostility, is also true, and more especially, if such hostility results in a long and bitter struggle, there must be peace and harmony, with justice as the arbiter of all differences. If our progress is to be brought about, with the railroads and the people in open hostility, it will not take the people as long to arrive at a realization of this fact as it has taken the railroads."—Bristol Herald.

Goes to Reformatory.
James Langford, a young colored boy, was yesterday morning sentenced to three years in the reformatory from the Police Court, on the charge of stealing three pairs of shoes from Frank Hill, colored. Langford confessed.

Rhymes for To-Day.

THE RAIN.
THEY say the rain that falls so free
The gentle earth upon,
Is really water from the sea
That's sucked up by the sun;
And there behind the sky's blue wall,
It's made to turn to rain,
And right away it has to fall
Back in the sea again.

They make the water move about
So much "twixt sky and sea,
I think it must get tired out
I would if it were me!
While we in quiet time or sup
Or slumber, rest our heads,
It's always moving down or up
Between the sea and sky.

It never gets a chance to rest,
It never sleeps at all—
Its life is just to do its best
At steady rise and fall.
Its lot seems pretty hard to me,
And I think this is plain:
Whatever else I had to be,
I wouldn't be the Rain. H. S. H.

MERELY JOING.
She Wouldn't Concede It.
"But," said the lawyer, "your case seems hopeless. I don't see what I can do for you. You admit that you have no wife."
"Yes," replied the defendant, "but my wife's testimony will discount that. She'd never leave me if I had no wife."
—Catholic Standard and Times.

LEARNING.
"Do you play bridge whist?"
"No," answered young Mrs. Perkins. "I can manage the cards all right, but it will take me another year or two to understand how to score is kept."—Washington Star.

NOT GOING AT ALL.
"Do you play bridge whist?"
"No," answered young Mrs. Perkins. "I can manage the cards all right, but it will take me another year or two to understand how to score is kept."—Washington Star.

WHAT HE MISSED.
Mrs. Goodbody: "Gracious! Just listen to that clergyman! I'm positive he's swearing. Evidently he's missed his vocation."
Mr. Goodbody: "No! I think it was his train."—Philadelphia Press.

DIPLOMATIC PAPA.
"Papa, what year was mamma born in?"
"1850, Willie. Her birthday's in February."
"That would make her forty-seven years old, wouldn't it?"
"Ah! Not necessarily."—Denver Post.

THE BIRD DOG.
"Say, didn't you tell me when you sold me that dog that he was a bird dog?"
"Yes, that's what I said."
"Well, you swindled me. That dog won't hunt."
"I didn't say he would hunt. He's a bird dog. Cook the birds for him. That's the way he likes them best."—Herald.

People Seen in Public Places
Mr. Floyd W. King, a prominent Democrat of Clifton Forge, was in the city yesterday, and announced that he was a candidate for the Senate from the Seventh District, composed of the counties of Allegheny, Bath, Botetourt and Craig, and the city of Clifton Forge. Mr. King states that so far he has no opposition for the Democratic nomination, and that he does not expect any. He is a bachelor, of Cl